

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

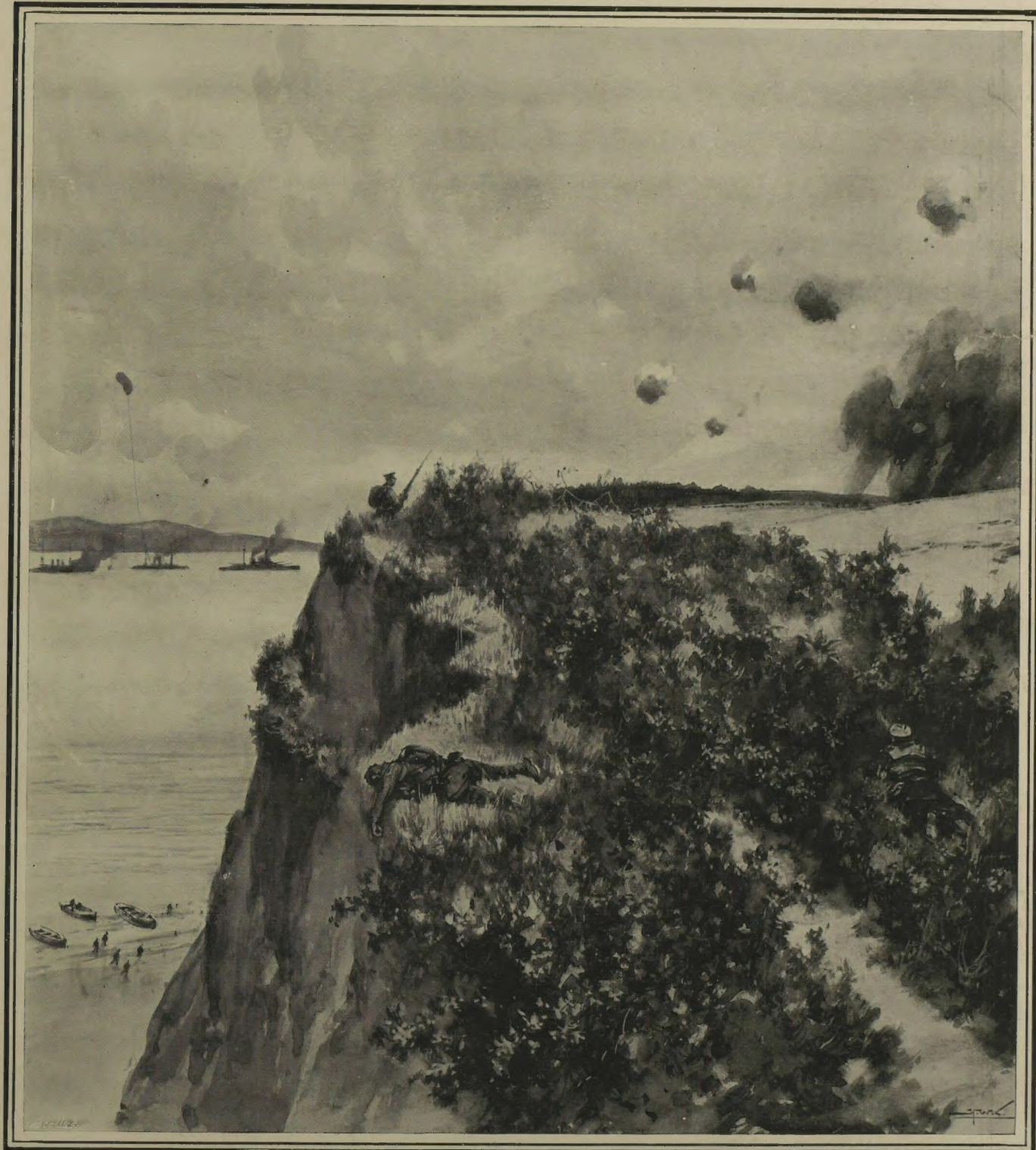
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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

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AFTER THE LANDING WHICH THE ENEMY THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE: BRITISH TROOPS IN ACTION ON THE "IMPREGNABLE" GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

The Turks and Germans, it is said, were convinced that the Gallipoli Peninsula was impregnable and that no enemy could possibly land on any of the beaches. The officer from whose sketch this drawing was made writes: "It shows our soldiers in action on the Gallipoli Peninsula yesterday (April 28). I was sent in from the 'Swiftsure' with a boat's crew to collect and embark some wounded seen on the cliff. The cliff was at least 100 feet high and very steep and difficult to climb. The Turkish snipers were hard at work, and one had to keep down amongst the bushes. This part of the peninsula (where the sketch was taken) is about four miles to the north along the

western shore from Cape Helles Lighthouse." The "Swiftsure" is the left-hand ship of the three lying off the coast. To the centre one is attached a captive balloon, for observing the effect of fire. On the right is the "Queen Elizabeth." On top of the cliff is a scout of the South Wales Borderers. Nearer the foreground is a dead soldier, and among the bushes to the right is a bluejacket belonging to a party sent ashore from the "Swiftsure" and the "Sapphire" to take off wounded. In the distance is a line of trenches held by the Border Regiment. Turkish shrapnel shells are seen bursting, and also shells from the "Swiftsure" exploding in a valley.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKORP FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

A MASTERPIECE OF ORGANISATION, INGENUITY, COURAGE: AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS AT GABA TEPE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



ESTABLISHED ON THE "IMPREGNABLE" GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: THE GREAT LANDING OF TROOPS AND SUPPLIES AT GABA TEPE; AND A RED CROSS STATION FOR WOUNDED.

In his recent statement in the House of Lords, Lord Kitchener gave high praise to the work of the troops in the Gallipoli Peninsula. "The landing itself," he said, "effected in the teeth of great natural difficulties, skilfully prepared obstacles, and armed opposition, was a masterpiece of organisation, ingenuity, and courage which will long be remembered." The landing of the Australians and New Zealanders at Gaba Tepe was a most heroic exploit. Writing of the landings generally, an official correspondent with the British forces says: "That both the Turks and the Germans have received a staggering blow we know, for they were convinced that the Gallipoli Peninsula was impregnable and that no enemy could possibly land on any of the beaches. The enemy had every right to suppose that his defences would prove impervious to attack. The more the positions are examined, the more apparent is the extraordinary feat of arms performed on that never-to-be-forgotten morning of April 25. . . ." Of the Navy's work in landing troops and supplies he speaks in the highest terms. "A young officer, with a megaphone in his hand, shouts orders to a dozen different lighters, each towed by a steam pinnace, in the offing. One contains

mules, another guns, a third biscuits, a fourth tinned meat, a fifth ammunition, a sixth troops, a seventh Generals and Staff Officers. Every one is directed to its right destination as if by some enchanter's wand. . . . Here are Army Service Corps officers, who are waiting to seize what the Navy has brought them. . . . The whole is a marvel of organisation." Towards the left in the foreground of the drawing is a Red Cross dressing-station, protected by sand-bags. Up the two steep paths in the centre troops are climbing towards the trenches their comrades have established on the heights. Two lines of trenches are seen: those on the further ridge being about two miles away. On the right along that ridge is a mountain battery. Dotted all about the lower slopes near the shore, to right and left, are soldiers asleep or resting, some cooking and drying clothes. The whole scene is under fire from Turkish shrapnel. Among the crowd of boats is a picket-boat flying the Red Cross flag engaged in bringing off wounded. Some of the picket-boats have the engine protected by sand-bags, and the coxswain by iron-plating.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

IN ordinary times a revolution at Lisbon—which has always been in a more or less restless and chaotic state ever since the great earthquake in the year preceding that of the outbreak of the Seven Years War—would have attracted considerable attention, and "able editors" would have been despatching special correspondents hot-foot to inquire into and report on the meaning of the thing. But even a second seismic shock at Lisbon similar to that of 1755 would be dwarfed in public interest by the military earthquakes which are now occurring all over Europe, but more particularly in Galicia, France and Flanders, and the Dardanelles. What was the loss of 50,000 lives at Lisbon by a mere *tremblement de terre*, involving no great international issues, compared with the fearful casualty-lists which continue to fill so many long columns in all our morning papers and spread grief and sorrow throughout the land? The deaths alone resulting from the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Goliath*—the latter in the Dardanelles—amounted to about 2000, or more than a third of our battlefield deaths in the Boer War.

As for the mighty liner which the German submarine pirates sent to the bottom, it was some little consolation—albeit only of the sentimental kind—that the Irish jury empanelled to try the case brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Kaiser and his agents, which is, perhaps, the first verdict of the kind ever delivered, or that ever required to be delivered, against a foreign Sovereign. But something remained to "brandmark," as the Germans say, for all time the infamy of their Imperial "Hun" and hound-on. This was the expunging of his name—not by the public hangman, but by Garter Principal King of Arms—from the roll of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the consigning of his knightly insignia to the lumber-room of historical relics or museum of criminal curiosities.

That he will retaliate by equally scoring from the list of Black Eagle Knights the names of all the members of our Royal Family who were injudicious enough to allow their names to be associated with that rapacious bird, whose beak is now tearing at the heart of Belgium, is not to be doubted. Now that Lord Roberts is no more, the only other Englishman outside the Royal Family who ever got and holds the Black Eagle was our whilom Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, who used to be a great believer in the pacific and Philangian sentiments of William II., though by this time, like others of his credulous kind, he has probably undergone a process of severe disillusionment and come to understand what Prussian Eagles—whether of the Black or Red (Brandenburg) variety—really mean.

Little can the Kaiser have dreamed when last in St. George's Chapel, at the obsequies of his uncle King Edward, that the time was soon coming when his knightly insignia above his stall would have to be hooked down, as if by the rod of a "reach-me-down" man in Houndsditch. But the degradation, if severe and uncompromising, was well deserved. For after the murderous sinking of the *Lusitania*, the poisoning of the wells in South-West Africa, the worse than savage-like asphyxiation of our soldiers in Flanders, and, above all, the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated with his knowledge and assent on the blameless women and children in Belgium—as set forth with blood-curdling horror in the report of Lord Bryce's Committee of Inquiry—after all this, I say, the only course open to our own King was to yield to public opinion—as expressed, among other things, by the looting of German shops and the cry for the internment of all enemy aliens in our midst—and purge the atmosphere of St. George's Chapel from its taint of infamy.

As for the poisoning of wells—the most barbarous of all war-practices, which did not, however, prevent General Botha from reaching and raising the Union Jack over Windhoek, the capital of German South-West Africa—the gallant General declared that he would hold the perpetrators of such savagery to "strict personal accountability," and it is probable that he will contrive to carry out his threat with more consonance between word and deed than in the case of President Wilson's corresponding assurance in respect of American vessels sunk by German submarines.

Hitherto, also, a certain disappointing discrepancy between promise and performance had been observable in the case of Mr. Churchill, who some time ago assured the House of Commons that "any hostile aircraft, air-ships, or aeroplanes which reached our coasts would be promptly attacked in superior force by a swarm of very formidable hornets." Hitherto, no doubt from reasons of policy, there had been little sign of those hornets emerging from their nests—

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke
When plundering herds assail their byke.

Plenty of such "plundering herds," or devastating Huns, had come over to assail our "bykes"—hives or towns—alike from air-ship and from aeroplane, though the First Lord's "hornets" gave but little sign of resentment or counter-attack. At last, however, the other day they made a very good beginning by swarming out of their winter nests and heading for all they were worth against a Zeppelin which had been dropping bombs on Ramsgate and other Kentish parts close to the landing-place of Hengist and Horsa, leaders of the original German invaders of these sea-girt shores.

At once a swarm of hornets "bizzed out" from Eastchurch and Westgate, and stung the huge aerial assailant back to the Belgian coast, where, in turn, it was set upon by another cloud, or covey, of aeroplanes from Dunkirk and put to flight with its "tail down," or between its legs. This was really a fine affair—as gratifying as it was unexpected—to judge from the previous quiescent or dormant state of our "hornets," and bodes well for the future safety of our apprehensive cities.

Be that as it may, all apprehension as to the absolute safety, the impregnability of our lines in Flanders has now been dispelled by the arrival of immense reinforcements

(Continued on Column 3.)

TO OUR READERS.

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THE CHILE FIGHT: THE "GOOD HOPE" GOING DOWN WITH HER LAST GUNS FIRING.

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(Continued.)

at the front—how quietly and secretly, to be sure, they leave our shores and cross the Channel without interference from any German submarine!—as well by the splendid victories of our magnificent troops, who simply refuse to accept defeat at the hands of the Germans. Their one drawback is that they are not well enough supplied with shells to carry positions in the day-time—hence their check on the Aubers ridge. But *quod ignis non sanat, ferrum sanat*. If our soldiers cannot get shells, they can at least fall back on their favourite weapon—the bayonet, and with that, one dark night, they made a forward rush and ultimately remained masters of all the German trenches on a front of two miles—over against the city of Lille, which seems to be our main objective.

In Galicia the Russians—stronger than ever, like Antaeus, by recent contact with their mother earth—have been strengthening, by shortening and straightening out, their line, just as we had to do east of Ypres; and promise fair to block the Austro-German advance. Our *pied-à-terre* position on the Gallipoli Peninsula is pronounced to be inexpugnable; and, better than all, it is probable that before these lines meet the public eye the ultimate victory of the Allies will have been placed beyond all doubt by the formal accession of Italy to their side.

LONDON: MAY 18, 1915.

PARLIAMENT.

SEVERAL delicate and important matters have been disposed of by Parliament before adjourning for its long Whitsuntide recess, and criticism has proved effective without being captious, the leaders on both sides showing a considerate and conciliatory temper. The Defence of the Realm Bill, which introduces State control of the liquor traffic in certain areas, made a fairly easy passage through the House of Commons after the new taxes had been abandoned. Radicals who disliked the idea of the Government becoming publicans moved an amendment to limit their function to the control of supply, without giving them authority to sell drink, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who spoke gravely of the urgent need of the measure, insisted on the power to make provision for "adequate, reasonable refreshment" for the men employed on vital work, and ultimately this was conceded. Much controversy arose on the Bill which was substituted in the place of the dropped taxes for the bonding of spirits for three years. Leading Unionists urged that this requirement would ruin the trade of patent-still distillers in the North of Ireland, but they did not press their views in Committee to a division. On the other hand, Liberals feared the compensation which would be claimed in such cases of loss, and some of them would have much preferred entire prohibition, so that Mr. Lloyd George was strengthened in his humorously declared resolve to avoid liquor, if possible, in future. The decision of the Government to intern all male enemy aliens of military age, to repatriate others, and to deal also with naturalised persons of hostile origin whose loyalty might be suspected, was received with general approval. Stringent measures had been rendered necessary by Parliamentary and public opinion, and Mr. Bonar Law candidly and generously admitted that he could think of no better plan. Profound interest was excited by Viscount Haldane's intimation in the House of Lords with reference to recruiting. Although declaring that we were not face to face with the problem yet, and that we had at present our hands full of magnificent material, the Lord Chancellor said impressively, "We are fighting for our lives," and "we may find that we have to reconsider the situation in the light of the tremendous necessity with which the nation is confronted." Strained relations at the Admiralty between Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher recently led to the necessity of changes in the Cabinet. It was understood that a complete reconstruction of the Government was being arranged, on coalition lines, to include leaders of all parties. On May 18 Lord Kitchener made a statement in the House of Lords reviewing the progress of the war and calling for 300,000 more recruits.

A NOTABLE FIGURE.

A NOTABLE figure in the worlds of commerce and chemistry passed away last week in the person of Mr. John Crossley Eno, the inventor of the famous Fruit Salt. Mr. Eno, who had reached the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, began life as an apprentice to a chemist in Newcastle-on-Tyne; and later, while acting as a dispenser in the local infirmary, he invented the medicine from which he made a great fortune. In the earlier days he owed something of his huge success to the sea-captains who carried the fame of his Fruit Salt to the ends of the earth; and it was in 1876 that Mr. Eno left Newcastle, founded the factory at New Cross, and in doing so founded also the fortune which his valuable idea, coupled with unceasing enterprise and industry, held in store for him.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SINCE I last wrote in this place I have had an entirely new experience called being ill, which, trivial as it was compared to the tragedies surrounding it, was quite close enough to death to make anybody reasonably charitable and modest. Nor I do think it has been otherwise. I have no "blood-lust," whatever that may be. I do not think I even hate the enemy. Mr. William Watson has given his distinguished authority to the culture of such hatred, and says that we should "take a leaf out of the enemy's book." But I do not want the German book, or any leaves out of it. I think it is a book without which any gentleman's library is complete. Nor do I particularly want to write about the war; rather I want to write about everything else. I should like to write an enormous Miltonic epic about the universe, and call it "Paradox Regained." But oceans of universalism and toleration leave unchanged the simple intellectual certainty which I had and have—that the articulate and effective Prussian is the enemy of the human race: a cancer that has killed Germany and would have killed Europe. If I were as moribund and as responsible as Browning's Pope, I could still say of the Junker, as of Count Guido—

For I may die
to-night,
And how should
I dare die, this
man let live?

It should always be remembered that the Germans are right in claiming that they are cultured and that they represent a culture. They do. No white men are such savages by the mere light of Nature. *Nemo repente fit Tropicus*. Whatsoever things are evil in them, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are of bad report—these have truly been cultivated, as poisonous plants can be cultivated; and this explains the paradox of the kindly Germans and the horrible Germany. For it is the nature of a poison to affect different people in different degrees, so that the sanest Prussian has an insane spot in him, the result of his culture. I think I observed somewhere years ago that I could trust the uneducated, but not the badly educated. That is exactly our reason to-day for preferring the fierceness of Serbia to the fierceness of Prussia. It is not true, of course, that all Prussians would insult prisoners or slaughter children. But it is true that all Prussians are brought up with a wrong moral attitude towards such things; and are taught to see something of magnificence in the successful tyrant rather than in the spirited slave. It is also true that every Prussian is taught that he could never be the slave, but could always be the tyrant if he chose. This self-satisfaction is the sole spring of all the more showy and sensational evils. And it needs neither malice nor bitterness to see that the only possible cure for it is ruinous military defeat. In

short, we are fighting against the Smile that Won't Come Off by any other process. Whatever may happen first in the passes of the Carpathians or the gorges of the Vosges, there is only one valley to which the German host must at last be driven—which is called the Valley of Humiliation.

But there is one aspect of the matter which most of our newspapers insist on far too little, and some of them not at all. Yet it is a character particularly to be kept in view, precisely because it enables us to keep our hearts hot but our heads cool. And logic and patience are things necessary for justice or even for successful revenge. I mean the fact that the Prussian's recent proceedings show beyond question that his head is not cool, whatever his heart may be. There is a danger that in denouncing the vastness of his crime we may exaggerate the vastness of his

Empire by sinking the largest Atlantic boat than they would have conquered the Indian Empire by shooting the largest Indian elephant. What they have done is to add enormously to their living enemies without adding to their dead ones. Some people have talked with terror and some with admiration of the German efficiency; but this sort of thing is not efficiency, and those who do it cannot really be efficient in any virile intellectual sense. The thing is murder; but it is also sentimentalism. It is a *crime passionnel*, of a kind that is akin to suicide.

This is the truth that we want to tell the Germans—that their acts are horrible, but not terrible. Such hope as Germany has left depends entirely upon this notion that she can spread a sort of nightmare over all our cities and counties. It is our business to show her that she cannot. Among the many

shrewd things said by the great Napoleon, one of the shrewdest was "Never do what the enemy wants." The present enemy wants to make our flesh creep even more than to make our blood flow; and it is for us who cannot give our blood in battle to show at least that the flesh of Englishmen is not a creeping thing. And the mass of Englishmen do show it, save when they catch the hysteria of a few irresponsible papers. When the Superman drops about a hundred bombs and kills but one woman at Southend (which is not exactly the brightest jewel in the British crown), we mourn for the one woman, but we laugh at the hundred bombs. We laugh at them



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR MEN AT THE FRONT WEARING THEIR RESPIRATORS AND "GOGGLES" AS PROTECTION AGAINST THE GERMAN POISON-GAS: BRITISH SOLDIERS EQUIPPED AGAINST THE ENEMY'S DEATH-DEALING FUMES.

Photograph by C.N.

power. He retains his old pantomimic liking for doing things on a large scale; but the practical results are not equally large. Affairs like the *Lusitania* awaken the maximum of hatred while doing the minimum of harm. It may seem odd to call the *Lusitania* a minimum; but I am talking of military or naval harm, as weighed by the science of war. The Pro-Germans held up their hands in horror at Serbia because its last King was murdered; but at least he was the King, and he was the prop of foreign interference and foreign tyranny. But what good does it do the Germans to assassinate Mr. Charles Frohman? In a military sense, to use Bismarck's phrase, it would not be worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier to blow up ten such ships with ten such crowds of travellers. Morally considered, it was a huge crime; but as an act of war it was a huge irrelevance. Humanly considered, we have lost a good ship. But inhumanly considered—that is, Teutonically considered—they have lost two good torpedoes. These great pleasure boats have only a sort of Barnum celebrity; their size and swiftness give them the interest that attaches to freaks. But our enemies have no more scored off the British

because they are funny. And if anyone thinks such cheerfulness reckless or vain, there is a very simple reply: Read the letters or listen to the talk of the poor fellows who have been where the German guns do aim and the German shells do hit, and you will find their letters and their talk full of an incessant jesting, which should make any man ashamed of being solemn about the blundering Zeppelin or the indiscriminate bomb. If they who have seen Prussian victories can still laugh, surely we who have seen nothing but Prussian failures may be permitted to smile. There in the green fields of France, and not on the green benches of Westminster, are the real representatives of the people of England; and in nothing more representative than in mixing all their tragedy with frank and genial farce. The most unlettered lad in the trenches is more worthy to be the countryman of Shakespeare and Dickens than those who pervert the English language to the praise of an un-English pessimism. The soldiers are still claiming, and we will continue to claim, the right to say, not only "St. George for England," but "St. George for Merry England," when all is done.

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THE ZEPPELIN RAID ON RAMSGATE: DAMAGE DONE BY THE BOMBS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., MACADYEN, AND L.N.A.



WHERE A BARMAID AT THE "BULL AND GEORGE" HAD A NARROW ESCAPE: MISS MOFFATT'S BEDROOM AFTER A BOMB FELL THROUGH IT.



UNDER A BEDROOM THROUGH WHICH ANOTHER BOMB PASSED: WRECKAGE IN THE IMPERIAL BAZAAR, A TOY-SHOP ON ALBION HILL.



WHERE THREE PEOPLE WERE INJURED AND TWO FELL THROUGH INTO THE CELLAR: THE "BULL AND GEORGE" HOTEL SHORED UP.



WITH THE FIRST-FLOOR CEILING ENTIRELY BROUGHT DOWN: THE MANAGER'S BEDROOM AT THE "BULL AND GEORGE" AS SEEN FROM THE PAVEMENT.

Several buildings were damaged by the bombs dropped from a Zeppelin on Ramsgate in the early hours of May 17, but the worst damage was done at the Bull and George Hotel in the High Street. The whole of the front part of the building was wrecked. Two guests staying in the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Thornton Heath, were precipitated into the cellar amid falling debris, and were seriously injured. A barmaid, Miss Kate Moffatt, was aroused just in time by the assistant housekeeper, Miss Pilkington, and had a wonderful escape. Just as she left her room a bomb crashed through it.

"We were on the fourth floor," said Miss Pilkington. "We rushed down the corridor and got into the yard. All the bedrooms in the front are gone, and with them the coffee-room and the commercial room. The bomb passed clean through Mr. and Mrs. Smith's bedroom, and carried them into the cellar, where they were found by the police." A toy-shop on Albion Hill, called the Imperial Bazaar, was wrecked by an explosive bomb, and the inmates of the house narrowly escaped. In view of the material destruction, the fact that no one was killed outright is almost miraculous.

CHASED TO BRITISH AIRMEN FROM DUNKIRK: THE RAMSGATE-RAIDER.

DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



DROPPING BOMBS ON RAMSGATE: THE ZEPPELIN IN ACTION—AND PURSUED BY A BRITISH BIPLANE.

The Zeppelin raid on Ramsgate, and the Kent coast in that neighbourhood, resulted in the first fight of the war between a German airship and British aeroplanes. First sighted by a Deal pilot out at sea, the Zeppelin, in the darkness of a misty, moonless night, travelled towards Ramsgate, to drift slowly over the town on the light wind and drop bombs. Its arrival, however, had already been detected ashore, and British aeroplanes rose promptly from the Eastchurch and Westgate stations and chased it off. The Zeppelin, turning tail, beat a hasty retreat, followed across the Straits by the British

airmen as far as the West Hinder Lightship, off the Belgian coast. There eight British airmen from Dunkirk went at it, three getting to within close range, and being exposed to "a heavy fire," in the words of the Admiralty despatch. "Flight-Commander Bigsworth," relates the despatch, "dropped four bombs when 200 feet above the airship. A large column of smoke was seen to come out of one of her compartments." After that the Zeppelin "rose to a great height, 11,000 feet, with her tail down, and is believed to be severely damaged."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WAR CRISIS IN ITALY: FORCES; LEADERS; AND DEMONSTRATORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, C.N., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, STANLEY'S PRESS AGENCY, RECORD PRESS, AND S. AND G.



ITALY'S MOST POWERFUL ARMOURD CRUISER:
THE "SAN GIORGIO."



ITALY'S FIRST MODERN DREADNOUGHT-TYPE BATTLE-SHIP:
THE "DANTE ALIGHIERI."



THE CRACK LIGHT INFANTRY CORPS OF THE ITALIAN ARMY:
THE FAMOUS BERSAGLIERI.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION IN ITALY: SIGNOR SALANDRA.



THE MAKER OF THE ITALIAN CRISIS: SIGNOR GIOLITTI.



IN UNIFORMS OF FRENCH PATTERN AND GERMAN COLOUR:
ITALIAN LINESMEN ON THE MARCH.



THE CELEBRATION THAT ACCELUATED THE CRISIS: AT THE UNVEILING
OF THE GARIBALDI STATUE AT MILAN.



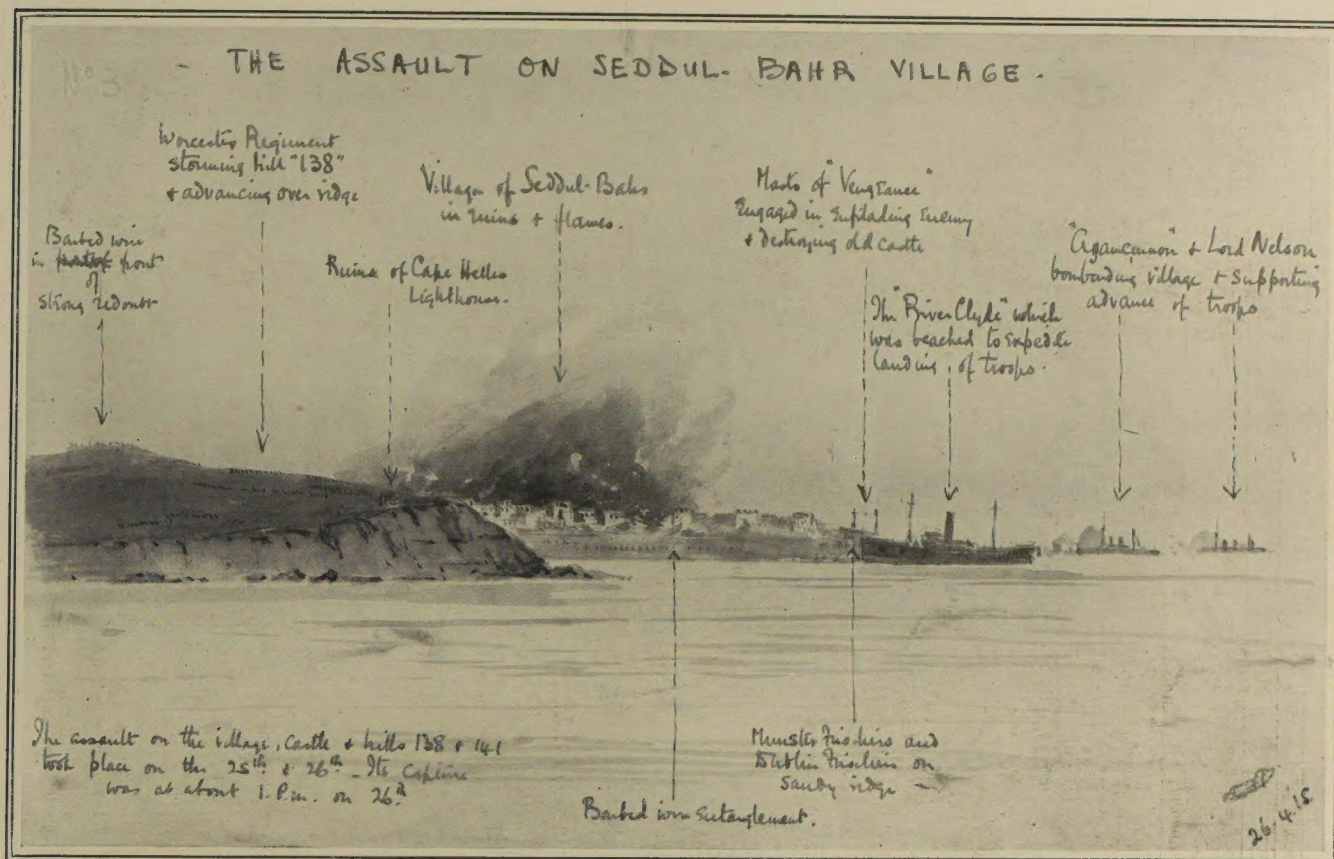
THE POPULAR CRY FOR INTERVENTION: A DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT
OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Two typical Italian war-ships of recent construction are the pair shown here. The "San Giorgio" is an armoured cruiser of 22½ knots speed and 9832 tons displacement, carrying four 10-inch guns as main armament. The "Dante Alighieri" is Italy's first Dreadnought, of 18,300 tons, upwards of 24 knots speed, and armed with twelve 12-inch guns.—The Bersaglieri, in the third photograph, form the famous light infantry regiments of the Italian Army, marked out by the plume of cock's feathers in their broad-brimmed hats. They carry out all their evolutions at the double, are picked men and crack

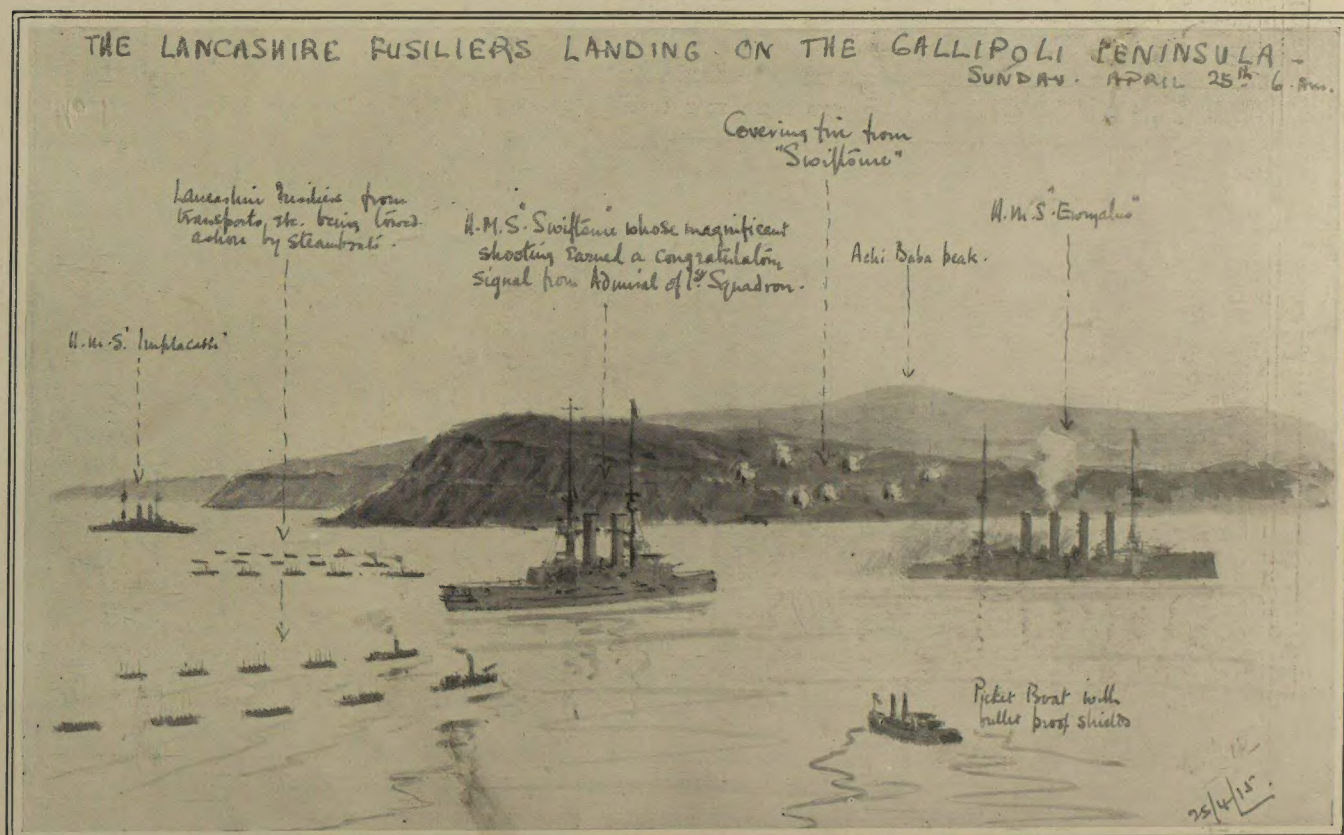
shots, and serve independently as special Army Corps Troops in the field. The Italian linesmen seen on the march in the sixth photograph are dressed almost identically like the French infantry. Since last autumn they have been fitted out with a field-service uniform much the same in shade as the German "war-grey."—Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, by his proposed policy of intervention, induced his political rival, the former Premier, Signor Giolitti, who is described as a Germanophile, to bring about a Cabinet crisis which has ended in the triumph of Signor Salandra.

THE GALLIPOLI LANDING: THE "RIVER CLYDE" AND "IMPLACABLE."

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



WHERE THE TRANSPORT "RIVER CLYDE," CARRYING 2000 TROOPS, WAS RUN ASHORE TO LAND THEM: THE ASSAULT ON SEDD-UL BAHR.



WHERE THE "IMPLACABLE" WENT CLOSE IN SHORE TO COVER THE TROOPS: THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS LANDING ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

In the early hours of Sunday, April 25, British troops were landed at five different beaches round the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The upper drawing shows what Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett calls "the most terrible of all the landings," between Cape Helles and Seddul-Bahr. "The landing," he writes, "will ever remain memorable for the novel experiment of running a liner (the 'River Clyde') full of troops deliberately ashore, and thus allowing them to approach close in under cover. . . . Great doors were cut in her sides." Part of the force landed, but suffered so heavily that the operation was postponed till after dark, when it was successfully

accomplished. The landing illustrated in the lower drawing was described by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett as "the most successful of all, as it was carried out without any loss, chiefly owing to the tactics adopted by the landing ship, the 'Implacable.' At dawn" (he continues) "the covering ship, 'Swiftsure,' opened up a fierce bombardment of the cliffs, and then at 5.52 a.m. the 'Implacable' herself stood in close to the shore, with an anchor down, until she actually reached the six-fathom limit. From this point, only 500 yards from the shore, she plastered the top of the cliffs with 12-inch shrapnel and the foreshore with her 6-inch."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS LANDING AT GABA TEPE: AND A TRANSPORT MISSED BY THREE TURKISH TORPEDOES.

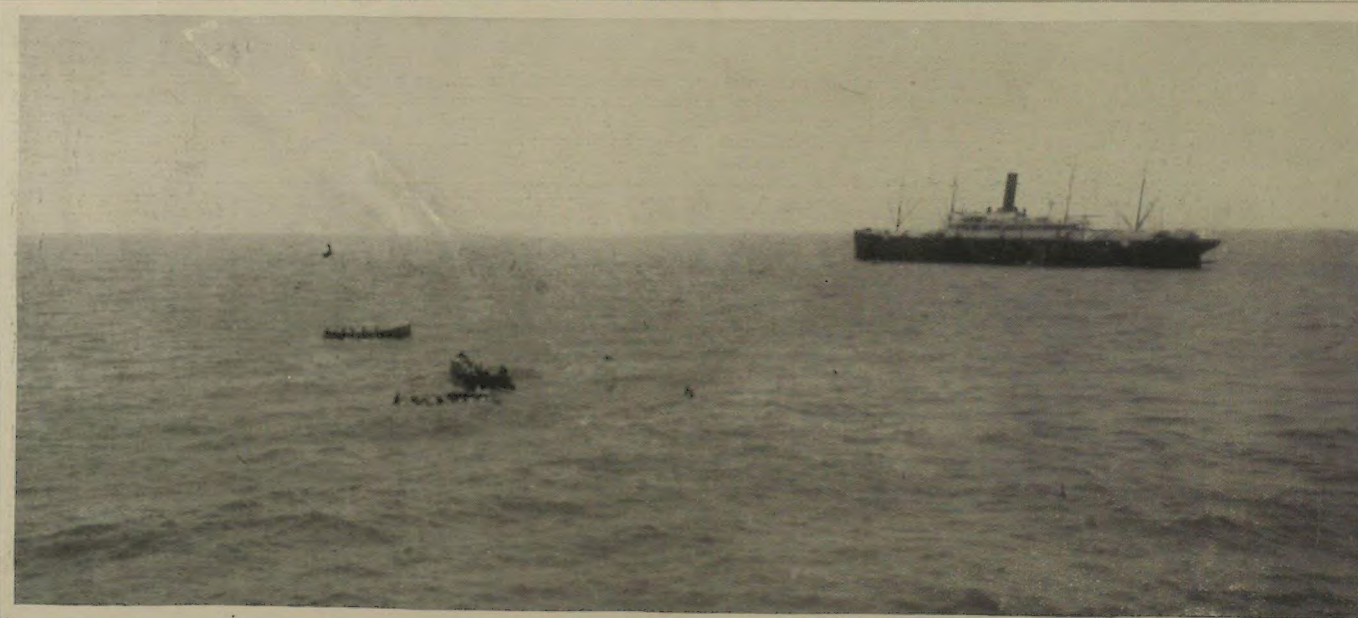
SKETCH AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH OFFICERS

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"NO FINER FEAT OF ARMS HAS BEEN PERFORMED DURING THE WAR": THE HEROIC AUSTRALIANS AND

NEW ZEALANDERS LANDING ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, AT GABA TEPE, WHERE THEY STORMED THE HEIGHTS.



THE FUTILE TURKISH TORPEDO-ATTACK ON THE "MANITOU" (SEEN ON THE RIGHT): BOATS PICKING UP MEN IN THE WATER.



LEFT SHOUTING TILL THE LAST AS HE SEEMED SO SAFE: A MAN FROM THE "MANITOU" ON A RAFT.

"No finer feat of arms," writes Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his account of the landing of the Australians and New Zealanders on the Gallipoli Peninsula, "has been performed during the war than this sudden landing in the dark, this storming of the heights, and, above all, the holding on to the positions thus won whilst reinforcements were being poured from the transports. These raw Colonial troops in those desperate hours proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Mons and the Aisne, Ypres, and Neuve Chapelle." The men had to climb steep cliffs, where the Turks were entrenched.—"The transport 'Manitou' [said an Admiralty statement of April 19], carrying British troops, was attacked by a Turkish torpedo-boat in the Aegean this morning. The Turkish boat fired three torpedoes, all of which missed. The torpedo-boat then made off, chased by a British cruiser ('Minerva') and

destroyers, and was finally run ashore and destroyed on the coast of Chios." Meanwhile, the troops on the "Manitou," expecting the destruction of the ship, had taken to the boats or to the water. The Admiralty gave the casualties as 24 drowned and 27 missing. Our photographs were taken from a vessel which took part in the work of rescue. Of No. 3 our correspondent writes: "You will see a man on the raft shouting for all he was worth. We let him shout till the last, as he seemed so safe. On another there is a boat, loaded with men, all awash, and we are helping her." The Turkish torpedo-boat had approached the "Manitou" flying the Russian flag, which she immediately changed to the Turkish colours after summoning the transport to stop.—[Sketch and Photographs Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Germany's Mobilisation of Trifles: The Metal Collection.

From an Article in a German Newspaper.

THE following article from a German paper shows how Germany is leaving no stone unturned in her efforts to obtain sufficient metal for making ammunition:—

The war has sharpened our outlook, and things which seemed to us unimportant have now regained their proper proportion. The most noteworthy change is in the value of bread. Conjured up by our beloved cousins, the fear of starvation stared us in the face. This ghost has for some time past been smilingly allayed, together with other impossibilities.

Knowing full well that all her hatred could not prevent the fruitful German soil from producing the future harvest, England stopped other supplies, including metal, thus hoping to render continuation of the war impossible to Germany. Strange to say, in acting in this manner she was for once within the rights of nations. Many metals, especially copper, iron, tin, lead, and nickel, are absolutely essential for the conduct of the war. We only have some of them in sufficient quantities in Germany; others we have only in small amounts, while there are some, such as tin, which are entirely lacking. And there was every hope for the enemy to cut Germany off from the rich copper supply obtained from the United States. But, thanks to the Ministry of War and the General Staff, who never thought war impossible, but on the contrary, as the present proves, looked the possibility full in the face, this had been anticipated, and supplies were set aside which will last us for years.

Is it, therefore, superfluous for copper to be collected throughout the German Empire, and put at the disposal of the Army? Not at all. In these troubled times, when even the most reasonable and confident people are occasionally filled with anxiety, and every trifle helps to allay fears, we can never have too much resisting power against the tenacity of our enemies. And metal thus collected, though merely a trifle, does increase the wealth of the nation. Besides, these collections have not profit as their aim, but the surplus of them, after all the necessary expenses have been deducted, is used for the support of the war fund, and it therefore accomplishes at the same time a social charity. As is usually the case with united undertakings, it is the small quantities which make the large amounts. We have only to open our eyes to see what is wasted daily—things which in themselves are useless, but when collected in the mass are worth thousands. From the early morning this waste starts. On our wash-stand is a metal tube which contained tooth-powder. It is now empty. Formerly it was thrown away. Now it is set aside. Then there is the cook making tea for breakfast, and she opens a new packet. Tea is packed in tinfoil. This used to be thrown away into the dust-bin. Not so at present! It is carefully laid aside. This happens right through the day, with our little girls who used to eat their chocolates and throw away the tinfoil in which it was wrapped, and our little boys who formerly cast aside their disabled tin soldiers. Then we hear that a son or a friend has been in a battle or a victory and has come out safe and sound: those who have remained behind sit down together full of gratitude and gladness and have their bottle of wine. The capsule is removed. The better the wine, the weightier this is. This, however, should not be exaggerated, and bottles should not be emptied merely on account of the capsules.

These are but the small sins of daily wastefulness. More important for the metal-collection are the old saucepans which are kept out of sheer German sentimentality and attachment to old objects. Now we must be hard—sentimentality is driven out of us. How many town-dwellers still cling to their old lamps, though gas has replaced petroleum! It is the same

with many other household articles. Now is the opportunity for us to get rid of them and also to do the Fatherland a good turn. Especially in the more conservative country districts. Lots of copper and tin lie buried there. Forty years ago the peasant ate off tin plates and cooked his food in copper saucepans. They are no doubt all hoarded in the roomy attics where they have been kept since enamelled saucepans and crockery have replaced them.



HOUSEHOLD TREASURES SURRENDERED BY GERMANS FOR THE NATIONAL METAL-COLLECTION: A HETEROGENEOUS ASSORTMENT OF ARTICLES AT THE CHIEF COLLECTING DEPÔT AT LEIPZIG.

These country attics, like the grave, have not given anything up so far, and it is time that some adventurous grandchildren should explore these dusty and cob-webbed chambers and give up some of their ancestors' wealth. A little thought is enough for anyone to remember the

in 1813, and at present all that is required is that we should have enough metal for the making of ammunition. The request for old metal in Germany has been very successful throughout the Empire. The places where it is stored are mostly the chief towns of the provinces; besides which there is a large place set aside for this purpose in Berlin.

We give an example of how metal was collected in the Kingdom of Saxony. The headquarters of the "Metal-Collecting for the Fatherland of the Kingdom of Saxony" are in Leipzig. From the very start the collecting was greatly helped by the authorities. Other towns took up the movement. Notices were put up, and advertisements were inserted in the papers. Officials in both town and country helped in this good work. In the towns this work was chiefly done by the town authorities, and in the villages by the chief magistrates. Schoolmasters spread the news in wide circles. The success was great: the gifts ranged from the boys' old tin soldiers to the formerly prized, but now discarded, so-called metal works of art. Acknowledgments were given in exchange for the metal received; it was then superficially inspected and sent on by railway free of cost to Leipzig to the chief store-house allotted to this purpose, which is in the buildings of the firm of Gustav Steckner. Here the gifts were thoroughly examined, and if there was not enough room they were sent on to the municipal warehouses. Then those metals which are desired by the Army, such as copper, brass, tin, aluminium, were despatched to the Government foundries at Mulden for the use of the ordnance department. There they were smelted and then sent on to the artillery works and ammunition factories. Here, too, we have a great social advantage. The foundries are for the greater part dependent on the import of ore from overseas. This import, which in 1909 rose to the extent of 82 per cent., according to the proportion in weight, stopped at the beginning of the war, and the workers were threatened with the loss of their occupation. This danger has been in part averted, thanks to the collecting of metal.

The metal which has been melted down is paid for by the Ordnance Department of the chief collecting depôt, and they in their turn pay the specified amounts to the districts and towns, and put it at the disposal of the war fund, so that the Army not only gets the required material, but also a widely developed war charity which renders possible the help of the destitute.

So far, in the kingdom of Saxony alone over 200,000 kilogrammes of metal have been thus collected. The usefulness of this is manifest, and perhaps these lines will help to bring to new life and use old utensils which have long since been cast aside.

What becomes of the melted metal? We can leave this to the Army Stores Department: they are fully competent to deal with it. Without letting one's imagination run too wild, one can always conceive certain probabilities. Here is an example: a housewife gives an old copper saucepan. Perhaps it goes into the cartridge-case of a machine-gun; or else, it may be, the saucepan finds place in the fuse of a heavy shell for a naval gun. Once more our dear blue boys come out and encounter the ironclads of our arch-enemy, which bear such proud names—the *Terrible*, the *Victorious*, the *Invincible*, the *Indomitable*. At the point of the heavy projectile the fuse bores into the body of the *Indomitable* and does its duty; the shell tears the flank of the ship, and the *Indomitable* totters.

Why not? Thousands and thousands of other things make the machine-gun and the shell-fuse work like this—above all, German soldiers and sailors—but, as sure as metal never evaporates, the shining kitchen saucepan also plays its part.



GERMANY'S METAL-COLLECTION FOR MAKING AMMUNITION: A PILE OF TINFOIL FROM PACKETS OF CHOCOLATE, STORED AT THE CHIEF COLLECTING DEPÔT AT LEIPZIG.

various articles which might be of use to the metal-collection. It is not, however, desirable to give up antique, or costly, household articles, whose artistic value exceeds the value of the metal, as our Fatherland is by no means in the position she was

"THE POISONING OF LANGEMARCK": A SCENE OF THE GASSING.



WHERE THE GERMANS GAINED A MOMENTARY ADVANTAGE BY THE USE OF POISONOUS GAS: A SHELL-TORN FIELD AT THE ENTRANCE TO LANGEMARCK.



IN THE POISON-GAS AREA: THE WRECKED CHURCH AND THE CÉMETÉRY OF LANGEMARCK, NEAR YPRES.



OF THE TROOPS WHO SUFFERED BY POISON-GAS ATTACK: SOLDIERS WASHING AT THE RUINED CASTLE OF LANGEMARCK.



AT THE SCENE OF THE DASTARDLY GASSING OF BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS BY THE GERMANS: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A CHAPEL AND A MILL AT LANGEMARCK, NORTH OF YPRES.

As a correspondent put it: "The Germans have placed themselves definitely at the bottom rung of the ladder of humanity. Let it be understood that what later on in the history of the war will be known as 'the poisoning of Langemarck,' marks a new phase in the campaign." It was about the local advantage which they gained at Langemarck that the Germans made a considerable stir. This momentary advantage,

as we have indicated, was brought about by the surprise occasioned to the French by the use of the poisonous fumes. The front concerned did not exceed two miles and a-half out of a total front of 594 miles. The third photograph shows men of the troops who suffered by a poison-gas attack making a hasty toilet. It was taken from the side of the German trenches.—[Photographs Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

“SHABASH! KUCH DAR NAHIN HAI!” “WELL DONE! THERE IS NO FEAR!”

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM MATERIAL

SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



A SUPERB CHARGE OVER A BROOK, TO THE GERMAN TRENCHES.

This charge of the 40th Pathans—famously known in India as “The Forty Thieves,” from their regimental number, and their being made up mostly of Afghan border tribesmen, notorious in other days for their raids—leading a British division in a frontal attack near Ypres in the fighting of April 22 and 23, stands out among the most brilliant exploits of our Indian troops. They were fresh troops, never before under shell-fire. “Eye-Witness” singles them out for special mention. “A battalion of Pathans, after a forced march, was advancing along a road towards the scene of action, when a shell burst in the middle of them, killing and wounding sixteen men. The survivors did not break their column of fours, but closed up and marched straight on. They went into action immediately afterwards, and advanced across 1200 yards of open ground under a murderous fire, their war-cry swelling louder and louder above the din.

THE 40TH PATHANS IN THE FIGHTING NEAR YPRES, ON APRIL 22-23.

One of their British officers was hit four times, but still continued to lead his men until he fell for the last time, riddled by bullets from a machine-gun. Officer after officer fell, Captain Dalmahoy after being hit six times, Captain Christopher, Major Perkins, Captain Waters—only one Captain and three subalterns remained. The 40th charged across the open through a fearful cannonade up to the German trenches and stormed them. Our illustration shows one incident, as a supporting section, led by a havildar, or native sergeant, crossed a brook under fire, the havildar shouting: “Shabash! Kuch dar nahin hai!”—“Well done! there is no fear!” The Pathan, or Afghan, frontier tribes, from among whom the 40th is mainly recruited, are the three great fighting clans of the Orakzais, the Afridis, and the Yusufzais. It enrolls also Punjabi Muslims and Dogras.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF GERMANS GIVING THEMSELVES UP TO THE FRENCH: THE SURRENDER.

This extraordinary photograph was taken on March 15 last, the day of the attack on the Great Spur of Notre Dame de Lorette. The Germans, having thrown down their weapons, have raised their hands above their heads, and are running towards the French second line to surrender.

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A CHARGE THROUGH THE GERMAN POISON

FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR



POISON FUMES DEFIED: OUR MEN RETAKING A

Effective in their deadly, field-tested work as the German poison-gas expedients proved when first employed, and on other occasions since then, their own wicked device has more than even lured the enemy on to dismember and destruction. Our illustration shows what happened one night after the Germans, by the contrivance of the poison fumes, had been enabled to obtain a footing in a portion of the British trenches on Hill 60. Confident that the noxious gas had cleared the way before them, as soon as it began to thin and dissipate immediately in front, the enemy pressed forward in dense masses close in rear of the heavy moving cloud of the deadly vapour—to be met, all unexpectedly, by a heroic counter-attack by the British right across the danger-belt. Holding almost certain reflection in the all-pervading vapour, with amazing intrepidity our men charged right through

GAS: THE BRITISH IN ACTION ON HILL 60.

ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



LOST TRENCH BY A COUNTER-ATTACK AT NIGHT.

The poison-cloud and met the enemy face to face at close quarters on the further side. Having allowed sufficient time, as they considered, for the fumes to do their work, and thinking to find only stupefied or dead or dying men on the ground in front of them, the surprise of the Germans at the totally unexpected appearance of their opponents was complete. Their front was overthrown as a sudden burst of rapid firing from dark figures emerging through the rifts of poisonous fog designated their ranks, and with cheers and shouts of vengeance the foremost British ran in on the Germans and flung themselves on them with the bayonet. The survivors of the bayonet-fight turned their backs and fled helter-skelter in disorder.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

GERMANS "TAKEN" FROM FRENCH TRENCHES: TOBACCO-SEEKING.



ASKING THEIR ENEMIES, THE FRENCH, FOR TOBACCO! GERMANS IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH PROFITING BY THE ABSENCE OF THEIR OFFICERS TO MAKE THEIR REQUEST TO THE FOE OPPOSITE.



GROWING BOLDER, AND ONLY PARTLY SHELTERED BY SACKS OF POTATOES WHICH FORMED PART OF THEIR TRENCH-PARAPET: GERMANS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE FRENCH FIRST-LINE TRENCH.

These two photographs are of the greatest interest in that, as is obvious on the face of them, they were taken at a distance of a very few yards from the German trenches, the user of the camera being in the first line of the French trenches. The taker of the photographs says that doubtless these enemy troops were only too willing to

surrender, and argues that they did not do so because they were afraid of being shot by the Germans in the second line. Thus it was that they contented themselves with asking the French in the facing trenches for tobacco! Whether they were gratified we doubt!—[Photographs Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WITH THE RUSSIANS: INFANTRY RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES.

SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.



WHERE THE BATTLE RAGES CONTINUOUSLY FROM WEEK TO WEEK AMIDST RAVINES AND FOREST RECESSES:
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY FOR A SPELL OF REST.

Day and night for weeks past, since early in the year, the apparently interminable Galician battle on the frontier, and among the difficult ravines and the dense pine-clad forest slopes of the Carpathians, has been going on, as yet indecisively, although at most points the Russians, judging from the tone of the Petrograd telegrams, are gaining the upper hand steadily. At some portions of the long-drawn-out front of operations, which stretches from the middle Vistula in a curve along the Carpathian range to Bukovina towards the Roumanian frontier, the Russians are apparently breaking down the Austro-

German resistance. At others they have had to give ground in the face of new concentrations, fighting hard against odds, and stubbornly contesting every defensible position as they fall back. Continuous trench-warfare is the feature of the conflict waged on the Galician side, as it is in Flanders. Our illustration specially depicts one of its everyday incidents—the return from trench-duty of a Russian regiment to rest in the rear for a spell. It will be remarked how fit and capable of giving a good account of themselves the Russian soldiers look.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MACLE AND FOX, LANGFIER, BRESFORD, RUSSELL, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, WESTON, CHANCELLOR, SARONY, AND BASSANO.



Our portraits include those of four officers killed by the gas fumes which the Germans have been using as their latest atrocity in war. They are the first four portraits on the opposite page—namely, Lieut. W. M. Ozanne; 2nd Lieut. C. G. Butcher (mentioned in despatches); 2nd Lieut. Leslie H. E. Wells; and Lieut. A. R. S. Clarke. Other portraits include that of Capt. Kenneth D. M. MacLachlan, who, during the South African War served in the Mediterranean (medal), and in 1903 on the North-West Frontier of India

(medal). Major Cecil T. W. Grimshaw, D.S.O., fought in the South African War (despatches three times; King's medal; Queen's medal; and D.S.O.) Capt. Bede Farrell was a well-known Hull solicitor. Capt. John F. C. Dalmahoy was the younger son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Dalmahoy, of Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, and in 1903-4 was present at the action at Niani and on the march to Lhasa, and also took part in the operations in the Mohmand country. Capt. G. B. J. Fazakerley-Westby was the only

(Continued opposite.)

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAYETTE, BACON, BASSANO, BARNETT, HEATH, WESTON, RUSSELL, HIRSTED, C.N., AND PRAGNELL.



(Continued.)

son of Capt. Fazakerley-Westby, D.L., J.P., of Mowbreck, and White Hall, Lancashire. 2nd Lieut. F. Lancelot Rolleston was the elder son of Mr. H. D. Rolleston, M.D., F.R.C.P., of Upper Brook Street, W. 2nd Lieut. Bernard Craig Job was the son of the Rev. F. W. Job, of Lower Gornal Vicarage, and grandson of Mr. W. Y. Craig, formerly M.P. for North Staffordshire. Lieut. Guy S. Wemyss St. George was the only surviving son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. H. St. George, senior ordnance officer, Scottish District, and of

Mrs. St. George, of The Cottage, Lexden, Colchester. Lieut. Ronald C. Sundius Smith was the fourth son of the late Mr. F. Sundius Smith and Mrs. Sundius Smith, of Portslade, Brighton. Capt. Antony F. Wilding was the famous athlete "Tony" Wilding, one of the finest lawn-tennis players of his time; he was remarkable for his concentration, skill, and address. Lieut. the Hon. Keith Stewart was the younger son of the Earl of Galloway, and brother to Lord Garlies.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR BY CHEMICALS, AND REPRISALS

THE enemy has dishonoured his own signature at the Hague Conference, and has used as a help to his arms gases designed not only to incapacitate our soldiers from further fighting, but to cause them needless agony and to sow in them the seeds of mortal disease. This in Europe; while in Africa he has departed even further from the recognised laws at once of war and of civilised humanity, and has poisoned wells with arsenic, and attempted, if the reports which have reached us are true, to propagate disease among our troops by the dissemination of pathogenic microbes. The question is how we can best reply to these attacks.

Let it be said at once that anything like reprisals in kind is impracticable. Even if the public—and the Army—would consent to their employment, they are beyond our power. Thanks partly to the financial aid by which she has fostered nascent industries, partly to her policy of "dumping" cheap goods in foreign countries until competition from them was abolished, Germany has obtained what is to all intents and purposes a monopoly of the supply of chemicals on a large scale. Hence, if our military authorities determined to make use of noxious gases in trench warfare, we have no means of manufacturing them

quickly and in sufficient quantities. Before the necessary plant could be set up, the raw material obtained, and the manufacture set going, the war would have passed into another phase, in which, as we all hope and believe, trench-fighting will play only a subordinate part. When the enemy is on the run, there are more expeditious and more straightforward ways of quickening his pace than by poisoning him with gas.

In this particular case, too, it is only fair to say that Nature has given Germany an advantage which she has denied to us. Chlorine—which, as has been

shown in these columns, forms the principal, and perhaps the sole, ingredient in the poisonous gas used by the Germans—is most readily and economically obtained from its salts of potassium and sodium. Of these, chloride of potassium only occurs naturally and in large quantities in Saxony, and chloride of sodium, or common salt, is present in the soil of both Germany and Austria in far larger and richer deposits than anywhere else in Europe.

The result is that while in England the manufacture of chemicals from the salt drawn from the soil is practically in the hands of one firm, on the Rhine alone there are more than thirty engaged in the same industry. This industry also has been, if our information be correct, in no way

the enemy, and the Germans have shown how greatly they fear rivalry in this respect by their ruthless destruction of all factories in the parts of Belgium and Northern France now occupied by them whose products can in any way compete with their own. Hence an announcement by ourselves and our Allies that, if these ignoble methods of war are persisted in, all German factories supplying chlorine would be remorselessly destroyed before or after the conclusion of peace would probably hit the enemy where he is most vulnerable.

But we might go a great deal further. It is

no secret that it is the rich German manufacturers who are largely responsible for the financing of the war against us, and that they look forward to recouping themselves for their outlay by the largely increased trade in chemical products that they expect after its conclusion, whether this be favourable to the German arms or not. Hence a boycott of German chemicals throughout Belgium, the British Empire, France, and Russia for twenty years or so would give the death-blow to their hopes; while if America, naturally indignant as she is at the slaughter of her innocent citizens, were to join in, it would probably lead to the immediate collapse of their manufacture. Moreover, the chemical industry, like most



ANTHROPOLOGY IN AN ACADEMY PICTURE: "A DISCUSSION ON THE PILTDOWN SKULL"—BY JOHN COOKE

Mr. John Cooke's portrait group of well-known British scientists examining the Piltdown skull is among the pictures of unusual interest in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. The skull was reconstructed from a human jaw and fragments unearthed near Piltdown Common in 1912, and then described as belonging to "the most ancient known inhabitant of England, if not of Europe." Rival reconstructions made by Professor Arthur Keith and Dr. Smith Woodward caused a keen controversy among scientists, which was fully illustrated in our pages during 1913. Professor Keith made the skull that of a large-brained man; Dr. Smith Woodward that of an ape-like being of small brain capacity. The figures in the above picture are, from left to right (in the front row) Professor A. S. Underwood, Professor Arthur Keith, F.R.S., Mr. W. P. Pyecraft, and Sir E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S. (In the back row) Mr. F. O. Barlow, Professor Elliot Smith, F.R.S., Mr. Charles Dawson, and Dr. A. Smith Woodward, F.R.S. We need hardly add that Mr. W. P. Pyecraft is a regular contributor of articles to this page.

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interrupted or interfered with by the war, men having been withheld from the colours for the express purpose of keeping it on foot. The factor of distance as well as that of quantity is also entirely in her favour, and it is evident that Germany can send the liquid chlorine that she had stored up before the war to either front in a fraction of the time that it would take us to transport it over sea, even if it were all ready to our hands.

All this goes to show that if we are to take effective reprisals against the German chemical attack, we must strike at its base. It is right to learn from

industries in Germany, is carried on not with private capital, but with funds advanced by bankers and finance companies connected more or less closely with the State, which is believed to hold their last reserves. Such a measure, then, might well prevent both manufacturers and banks from further subscriptions to War Loans, and might thus end the war by cutting its sinews. The means of enforcing the boycott is, of course, a question for the Governments of the countries proclaiming it, as is also the consideration of whether it should be absolute or conditional. It is sufficient here to point out how effective a weapon it would be.

F. L.



The REGENT PALACE HOTEL OPENS WEDNESDAY, MAY 26th.

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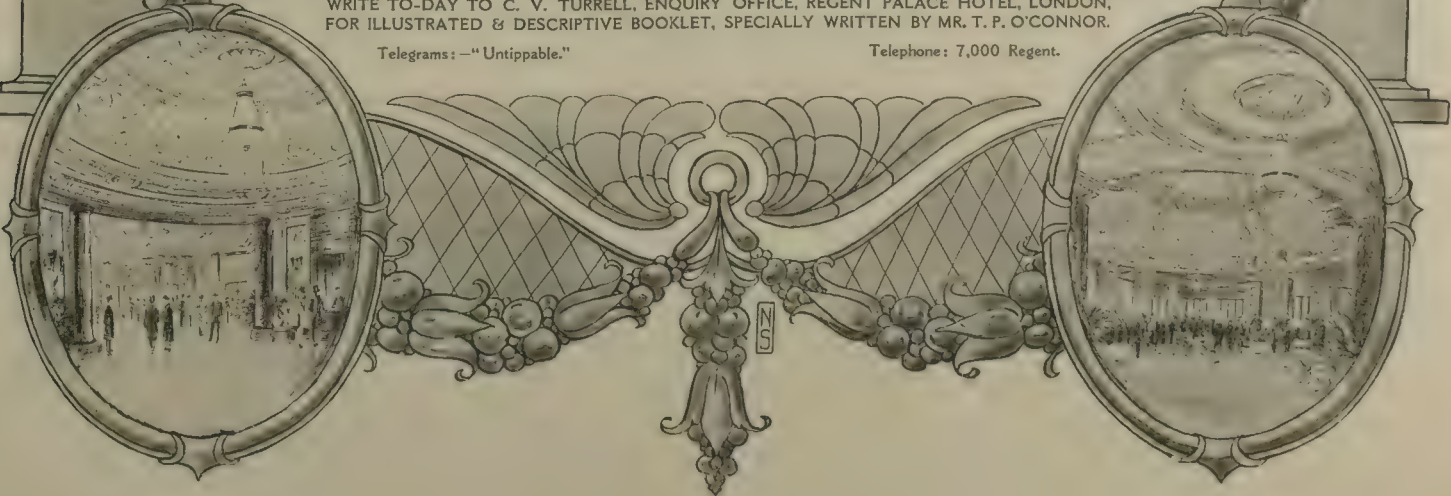
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Jan. 5, 1906) of Mr. HENRY BROCKLEHURST, of Seiton Park, Liverpool, who died on March 13, is proved by his son, Frank Brocklehurst, the value of the estate being £338,254. Testator gives £25,000 in trust for his daughter Edith Mitchell Innes; £1000 to the Liverpool Cathedral; £500 to the National Lifeboat Institution; £500 each to the Merchants' Guild, the Aged Merchant Seamen's and Widows' Fund, the Aged Mariners' Homes, the Royal Infirmary, the Southern Hospital, and the Northern Hospital, Liverpool; £250 to the County Hospital for Children, Liverpool; and the residue to his four sons.

The will (dated June 28 1900) of Sir JOHN HEATHCOAT HEATHCOAT-AMORY, Bart., of Knightsbray Court, Tiverton, for some years M.P. for Tiverton, who died on May 26, is proved by Ludovic Heathcoat-Amory, son, and Charles Robert Sydenham Carew, the value of the property being £158,122. After stating that he had for the past twenty-five years given large portions of his real and personal estate to his children, he gave £5000 each, and on the death of Lady Heathcoat, a further £10,000 each, to his five younger children; and £1000, the income from £50,000, and certain furniture, to his wife. The residue of the property goes to his son Ian Murray, subject to the payment of £1000 a year to Lady Heathcoat-Amory.

The will of Mr. GEORGE MILLINGTON, of Ingleside, Wimbledon Park, S.W., and of Robinson and Millington, the Patricroft Silk Mills, Manchester, who died on Jan. 29, is proved by Mrs. Lucy Millington, the widow, and William Pearson Millington, son, the value of the property being £121,635. Testator gives £750 and the household effects to his wife; £250 and his share in the Talana Tea and Rubber Estate to his son William Pearson; £500 to his brother Thomas; small legacies to relatives and clerks;

and the residue as to one-third in trust for his wife for life, and subject thereto, the whole for his children.

The will (dated June 7, 1897) of the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF NORMANTON, widow of the third Lord Normanton, of 22, Ennismore Gardens, who died on Jan. 13, is proved by her son, the present Earl of Normanton, the value of the property being £35,951. Under the provisions of the will of the late Thomas Price, she appoints £3000 to her daughter Lady Margaret Elizabeth

Clarendon, her grandson Lord Hyde, her grand daughter Lady Edith Villiers, and Foster Price; and the residue to her children the Hon. Francis W. A. E. Agar, Lady Foley, and Lady Mary B. Agar.

The will of Mr. ABRAHAM LEACH, M.R.C.S., of The Knoll, Windsor Road, Oldham, who died on Dec. 12, has been proved, and the value of the property sworn at £153,277 13s. 11d. He gives £500, and during widowhood, the use of his residence, and £1500 a year to his wife; £15,000 in trust for his daughter Marian Rebecca Edwards; an annuity of £50 to his wife's companion Annie Grimshaw; and the residue to his sons Albert, Abraham, John Bernard, Norman Kershaw, and Robert Wild.

The will of Mr. HARRIS MICHAELSON, of Aspen Lodge, Sudbury Hill, Harrow, who died on April 2, is proved by the widow, and Solomon Phillips, the value of the property being £70,968, so far as can at present be ascertained. Testator leaves all the property in trust to pay the income thereof to his wife during widowhood, and subject thereto for his children.

Eight more volumes of the "Service" edition of the Rudyard Kipling have recently been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, who publish the prose works. Two volumes each are assigned to "The Day's Work," "Kim," "Traffics and Discoveries," and "Actions and Reactions." As mentioned in previous notices, they are handy little books of pocket size, neatly bound in blue cloth, and clearly printed, the price being half-a-crown net per volume. There are

no illustrations. The publishers are to be congratulated on putting within reach of Mr. Kipling's readers such a convenient edition, which will be as welcome to the general public as to the Services themselves. The military interest of his books, and their atmosphere of far-travelled knowledge of things as they are, make them peculiarly appropriate reading in these days of war and world politics.



TORPEDOED AND SUNK IN THE DARDANELLES: H.M.S. BATTLE-SHIP "GOLIATH" (A PRE-DREADNOUGHT).

The "Goliath," the loss of which was announced in the House of Commons last week by Mr. Winston Churchill, was torpedoed, and over five-hundred lives were lost. The "Goliath" was completed in Chatham in 1900. She displaced 12,950 tons, carried four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, and sixteen smaller guns, and had a complement of 700 officers and men. [Photograph by Record Press.]

Diana Campbell; and three-thirteenths of the remainder of the funds to her daughter Lady Mary Adelaide Foley; and five-thirteenths each to her children Lady Mary Beatrice Agar and the Hon. Francis William Arthur Ellis Agar. Testatrix gives £1000 and her silver to her son Lord Normanton; £1000 to her daughter Lady Margaret E. D. Campbell; £200 each to her son-in-law the Earl of



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Gentlemen
I am sending this tin of
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LADIES' PAGE.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S birthday was celebrated by memorial meetings in a number of great towns on May 12, and the base of her statue in front of the Guards Monument in Pall Mall was surrounded with numerous beautiful wreaths, and was also saluted by every officer who passed by. The London meeting was organised by the Women's Freedom League, which was founded by Mrs. Despard, sister of General Sir John French. It was addressed, amongst others, by Susan Countess of Malmesbury, and by Surgeon-General Evatt, who made a most interesting speech, because he had personally well known Miss Nightingale. He described how, when he was surgeon in command at Woolwich, if any question arose in regard to any matter concerning the health of the Army, he used to go personally to consult Miss Nightingale, and never without profit; and he said that the health of our Army to-day is largely due to her trained judgment and her organising faculty. The statue, "with a bunch of skirts in one hand and a lamp in the other," came in for much criticism. "She was a handsome woman, with a wonderful brow, and a woman of the world, and a remarkably highly educated woman in all general knowledge, not a frail, stooping, sad-faced, gentle creature; and yet she was the highest expression of womanliness," said Surgeon-General Evatt.

One speech at this meeting—from Miss Townsend, the representative of the Women Teachers of London—incidentally drew attention to an important problem that awaits us. She said that her father was a Crimean soldier nursed by Miss Nightingale's aides, and so saved to come home and marry; but he died of the results of his wound twelve years later, leaving five small children, and all the help that her mother could obtain took the form of the removal of her children from her care into institutions for orphans. The speaker urged that the mothers of the present-day soldiers' orphan children should be left to care for their little ones themselves, with some assistance from the State. I have often urged this very point in happier days for any "fatherless and widows" of respectable life; and such consideration is yet more deserved by those who are in that position (so calamitous that the Church liturgy specially offers constant prayer on their behalf) purely and simply because the father was so brave as to give up his life for his country. In such cases, ought not Britannia to say to the soldiers' widows, as Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of Moses, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages?" To leave the children with their mothers need be no more costly than to intern them in institutions or "cottage homes," deprived of all that mother-love means. It will be less expensive, in fact, if the scheme be not weighted by a crowd of paid inspectors of the mothers, such supervision as would be necessary being given by voluntary committees of ladies.

A different idea, and one that is very desirable in some cases, is the adoption by childless women of means,



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This fashionable coat is made of resea-green taffeta with frilly cuffs and collar of a lighter tone.

married or single, of one or more of the children of killed or severely wounded soldier-fathers. "Now's your time," ladies! There will be probably hundreds of poor but educated and honourable mothers unable to see their way, even with such assistance as they may expect to receive from public and private funds, to bring up with due advantages the families with whom they are left, and who would therefore consent, for a tiny baby's own sake, to resign it completely to a foster-mother of good position and certain ability to provide for the child. The actual mother should be able legally (I believe this is not now the case) to make over once for all her parental rights to the adoptive mother; for success, the real mother must consent to allow the woman who is to fill the part to be the only mother that the growing child will know. There is not in normal circumstances anything like the opportunity that there is now of finding ready for such adoption infants of thoroughly good stock, with a family record both of moral and physical soundness, and coming from educated and refined parents; for many of our best, strongest, and noblest men, with cultured brains and gentlemanly ways, alas! are now being reft from their wives and leaving unprovided for their little children. And though heredity is by no means a certainly working factor—else how does the Kaiser come to be the son of two of the finest characters of the last generation?—yet every racecourse and agricultural show tells how important a factor it is, speaking broadly. Adoption as a social custom has worked out well in ancient Rome and modern Japan.

It so happens that I have personally met three ladies who adopted babies, and in two cases it was a completely successful experiment, while in the third it was a failure; but in that instance the science of "Eugenics" would have predicted probable failure. In this last case the child was an Indian babe, picked up by a General in the United States Army on a Dakota battlefield, the only living thing left amidst the dead of its tribe in the last of the encounters between white and red men. His wife adopted the child, and brought her up as an American girl; but quite early in her teens she became a terrible trouble, and ultimately insisted on seeking out her tribe and reverting to her stock. In the other cases, all went well. A Canadian widow lady, who was one of Lady Aberdeen's closest associates in work in the colony, told me that she adopted another widow's baby in its early infancy, and that "no real mother and child could be more to each other." In the third case the adoptive mother, who took the baby into her care believing that she never would meet a man she would wish to marry, as a fact did at last find her own "Mr. Right" and has children of her own; but no difference at all has been made to the adopted daughter, who is simply like a big half-sister, and devoted to the younger ones. A child is a great responsibility and an expense and an anxiety, but it is also a pleasure and an interest, while young; and in later life may repay to the ageing parent in full measure the care and tenderness given in earlier days.

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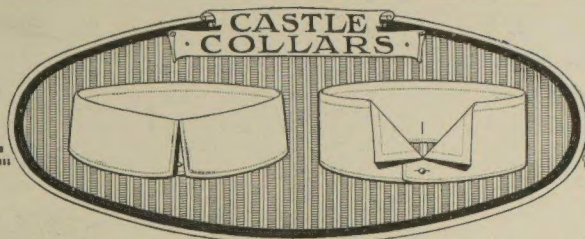
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Holiday Hints. It seems only the other day that I was suggesting hints for motorists for the Easter holidays, and here we are again on the actual eve of Whitsuntide. Therefore those would-be buyers who are hesitating as to whether they will place their orders for the new car had better do it at once if they wish to use it for the forthcoming Bank Holiday week. Also, don't imagine, because the 10-h.p. cars have engines that a number of makers declare will give over 20-h.p. on the level, that it is wise to try and get this out of them too often. For to get the greater power these little engines have to make at least 2000 to 3500 revolutions per minute, and much of that knocks them to pieces. Bad driving, too, has urged many tyre companies that count to issue booklets bidding their clients not to cut their corners or rub the side of the tyres against the kerb when drawing up to the pavement; also to guard against constant and excessive braking, and so on and so forth—all of which tends to increase the chances of bursts and to render the fabric almost impossible of efficient repair. Which is not economical, and, being wasteful, is to be condemned in times such as these.

Standard Equipment. Now that the automobile industry has settled that all wheels and rims should be made to certain standard sizes, so as to reduce the large number of tyre sizes and produce more standard equipment, I wish the self-same tyre companies would standardise the excellent golf-balls they produce. Practically all the motorists who are left in this country are middle-aged men and ladies who cannot fight for their King and country, so what motoring they do is to the links. Trips to various golf-courses are the usual pleasure runs to-day, and that is why I mention the matter, for most motorists are

golfers. Golf-balls seem to be of various weights and sizes. I believe "floaters" run from 26 dwt. to 27 dwt.; large "heavies" from 29 dwt. to 30 dwt.; and small "heavies" from 30 dwt. to 31 dwt. At any rate, that is what I have found in the Avon



"EXPERIENTIA DOCET": THE LUXURY OF THE AUSTIN CAR.

Our photograph shows a new 20-h.p. Austin chassis, fitted with a Whitehall limousine body, made specially for a gentleman who is already the owner of two Austin cars.



WELL-WON REST—IN HUMBERS: WOUNDED SOLDIERS NEAR COVENTRY.

The convalescence of the wounded in the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital is being greatly helped by country drives, upon which they are taken in Humber cars, as shown in our photograph from Stoke Green, near Coventry.

golf-balls; while the diameter of the small "heavy" ball is 2 1/4 sixteenths inches, and the large "heavy" is 2 7/8 sixteenths, though I don't believe many golfers could have told one either the weight or diameter of the balls they play with. Personally, I find you can get greater length of drive with the smallest effort from the Avon small "heavy," which is the weightiest ball with the smallest diameter, and so reduces wind-resistance. Perhaps other motorists may scoff at using these two-shilling balls, but I find them excellent; and sixpence is sixpence nowadays. Returning, however, to motor standards, the American manufacturers reported the other day that they had reduced their list of over 250 sizes of cotter-pins to 41 sizes.

Holiday Jaunts. Under the title of "The American in Great Britain," Messrs. E. J. Burrows have published, under the auspices of the touring departments of the A.C. of America and our own R.A.C., and Mr. Thomas D. Murphy has written, a most interesting touring guide-book of this country, outlining a complete tour of this island for visiting American motorists. The vast amount of topographical, historical, and general interesting information it contains, as well as the well-devised circuit tour of Great Britain, should make it a volume in every motorist's library. For instance, there is a chapter devoted to the American pilgrim shrines in England, written by Mr. C. G. Harper, and British as well as American motorists will derive much pleasure from visiting these landmarks of famous colonists. Even London is well treated, and a hustler in a car could pass the notable buildings and streets within a fifteen-mile radius in a day by the route given, and might truly say he had "done" London—as far as looking is concerned. Now that "Baedeker" is taboo, "The American in Great Britain" will be welcome. W. W.



The Cheapest Fence.

"Empire" Fence gives long and efficient service at low first cost—therefore it is in the true sense the cheapest fence. It has no sharp points, is rustless, unbreakable, will not sag or dent. It is easy to erect, practically everlasting, requires no attention.

When posts have been set
Two Men can erect a Mile per day.

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Write for Illustrated Catalogue P.
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These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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THE ACCUMULATION OF TARTAR

on the Teeth is one of the principal causes of their Decay.
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will remove and prevent this fatal destruction of the Teeth, will purify and sweeten the Breath, harden the gums and make the Teeth beautifully sound and white. It is sold in 2s. 9d. boxes by stores, chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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TEST IT FREE.

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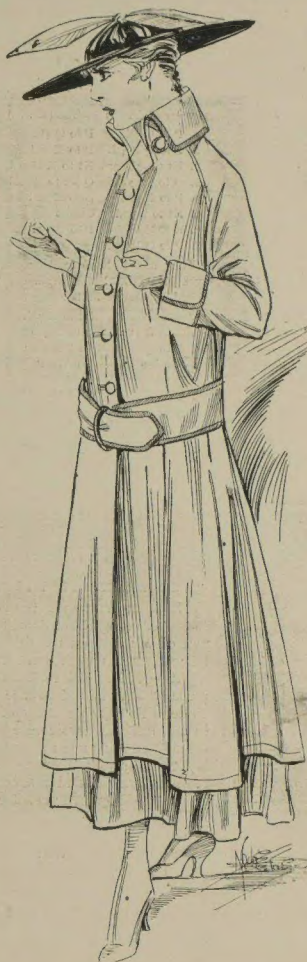
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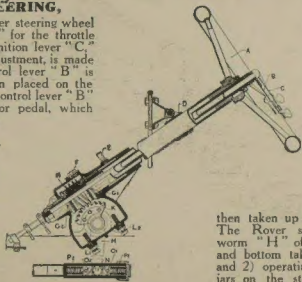
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12-H.P. ROVER STEERING.

On this is shown the large diameter steering wheel "A", with the control levers "B" for the throttle and "C" for the ignition. The ignition lever "C", which very seldom requires any adjustment, is made the shorter, while the throttle control lever "B" is the one nearest to the hand when placed on the steering wheel. In addition to the control lever "B" there is a foot operated accelerator pedal, which most drivers of the car will use in preference to the hand control. It will be seen that the steering column is stayed to the dash by means of a bush "D", ensuring a stiff, solid steering, with an absence of vibration or whip. At "E" there is a grease lubricator, which should be frequently filled and screwed home, while a plentiful supply of grease should be frequently put into the worm gear box through the screwed cap "F". "G" 1 and 2 show the ball bearings on the top and bottom of the worm "H", which take up the end thrust from the worm when operating the sector "K". "L" 1 and 2



are two adjustable bolts, which are to adjust in our works that the steering angle is as great as possible without wheels coming in contact with the wings or frame.

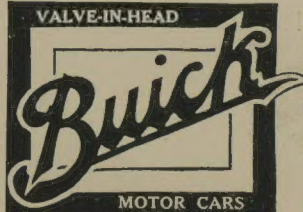
The steering arm "M" is provided with a ball "N", situated between two blocks "O" 1 and 2, which are held in position by springs "P" 1 and 2. The most frequent cause of a strained steering is when the car is being turned on full lock, and the wheels hit some obstruction; a slight alteration of steering is then taken up by these springs "P" 1 and 2. The Rover steering, therefore, consists of a worm "H" of hardened steel (its thrust top and bottom taken up by ball bearings "G" 1 and 2) operating a sector "K" with all special jabs on the steering taken up by the springs "P" 1 and 2, so that the owner of a Rover may have the greatest confidence in this important part of the car.

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Complete equipment includes DELCO Self-starting and Lighting, and Michelin Tyres.

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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A GROVES (Southend).—(1) It is entirely a matter of agreement beforehand.

(2) We have no access to the file so far back.

R W (Canterbury).—As you suggest, your card did not reach us.

E W RAVENSCROFT (Maida Vale).—If a problem in two or three moves yields to a solution commencing with a check, you may rely it is not the one intended by the author.

A M SPARKS and E G B BARLOW.—Much obliged.

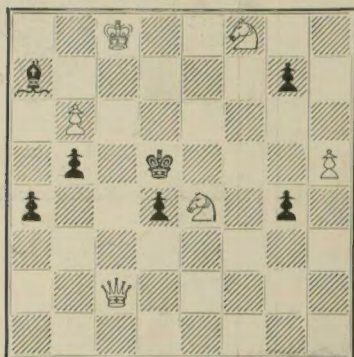
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3701.—By M. L. PENCE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to B 4th	P takes P
2. Kt to Kt 7th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
3. P becomes Kt (mate).	

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. P to Kt 4th (ch); if 1. Q to Kt sq, 2. P takes Q, etc.; if 1. Q to B sq (ch), 2. B takes Q; and if 1. Any other, then 2. Kt to Kt 7th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3704.—By T. W. GEARY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3694 and 3695 received from J Rochsler (Regina, Sask., Canada); of No. 3697 from F S Bailey (East Braintree, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3698 from F S Bailey and H J B Leadlay (Guelph, Canada); of No. 3699 from Davide Ancona (Alessandria), R Worters (Canterbury), and H Grasett Baldwin (Guildford); of No. 3700 from E W Ravenscroft (Maida Vale), J Verrall (Rodmell), and H B Morris (Leicester); of No. 3701 from A W Hamilton Gell (Carlton Club), J Isaacson (Liverpool), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), H S Brandreth (Falmouth), Blais H Cochrane (Harting), R Worters, A L Payne (Lazenby), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3702 received from H Grasett Baldwin, R Worters, H S Brandreth, A H Arthur (Bath), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R C Durell (South Woodford), J Fowler, A Groves (Southend),

W Lillie (Marple), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Dennis (Gosport), Blair H Cochrane, J Isaacson, A Perry (Dublin), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), G Wilkinson (Bristol), J Smart, and Rev. J Christie (Red-ditch).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Tournament at New York, between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and J. BERNSTEIN.

(Que n's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q to B 2nd	Q to Kt 5th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	16. B to B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	18. P takes Kt	Q to R 4th
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	19. P to B 4th	
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. R to B sq	P to B 3rd		
8. P to Q R 3rd			

This seems to lose time, and eventually the Pawn itself. B to Q 3rd at once is better.

8.	Kt to K 5th
9. B to B 4th	Q to R 4th
10. B to Q 3rd	Kt takes Kt
11. R takes Kt	P takes P
12. B takes P	B takes P
13. Castles	B to K 2nd

If B takes P, White gains an immediate advantage by 14. R to Kt 3rd, B to B 6th, 15. B to Q 6th, etc.

14. P to K 4th Q to K R 4th
The Queen has no future here because there is nothing to co-operate

19.	P to B 3rd
20. R to K R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
21. P to B 5th	Q to K sq
22. P takes B P	B takes P
23. P to K 5th	B takes P
24. Q to K 4th	B to Q 3rd
25. Q to R 4th	P to K R 4th
26. Q to K 4th	R to Kt sq
27. P takes P	R takes R (ch)
28. K takes R	P to Q Kt 4th
29. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
30. B to Q 5th	B to K 2nd
31. Q to B 5th	Resigns

White plays from this point in his usual vigorous style, which is always a pleasure to follow.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS." AT THE NEW.

TILL he can get ready for us that new drama of "Armageddon" which we are promised from the pen of Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Martin Harvey has contented himself with a revival—limited, however, to a fortnight—of Mr. John Rutherford's stirring cape-and-sword piece, "The Breed of the Treshams." It is always welcome, this stirring story of the Civil War, if only because in the buffoon-heroic rôle of Reresby the Rat Mr. Harvey himself obtains such scope for the bravura style of acting. By turns jester, quixote, posturer, gallant fighter at bay, seeming traitor and martyr to friendship, Reresby is quite the sort of romantic creation to delight your audience that loves a mixture of adventure and sentiment and fun; and the actor who has made the part his own can compass neat sword-play and pathos and humour with equal facility. Mr. Harvey storms through the scenes of the Rat's hairbreadth escapes and chivalrous self-sacrifice with all his old happy dash, moving his public alternately to laughter and to tears, and using his fine voice to the most eloquent effect. Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Marie Linden, and Miss de Silva are among his tried supporters; and as heroine Miss Maud Rivers proves sufficiently affecting.

THE IRISH PLAYERS. IN "SHANWALLA."

It is an odd sort of play Lady Gregory offers us in "Shanwalla." We had been told in advance that this new full-length effort of hers would serve to illustrate the influence of the dead upon the living. But it is nothing quite so ambitious as this forecast might have suggested that the Irish Players are called upon to interpret; hers is almost a grotesque treatment of a ghost's intervention to bring a crime to light. Two rogues whom the playwright always drags on to the stage together conspire to dose a racehorse, the Shanwalla, and one of them does not stick at murdering the stableman's wife in pursuance of the plot.



PAST AND PRESENT: WHERE A FAMOUS FRENCH TABLE WATER IS SHIPPED.

Our illustration shows the historic little port of Aigues Mortes, on the Mediterranean, whence Perrier, the well-known French table water, is being shipped. It was from Aigues Mortes that St. Louis sailed on his two crusades in 1248 and 1270, and the massive fortifications which surround the town were built by his son, Philippe le Hardi. A part of the walls and one of the towers are shown in our picture. A building on the extreme left forms part of the glass works in which the Perrier bottle is made.

Her husband, failing in his watch to keep them from the horse, is believed for a while by the master who trusts him to be in league against him; but, meanwhile, the dead wife has appeared to a beggar and revealed their villainy, and through the beggar's denunciation the local police are put on the track and the scoundrels confess. Murder and the supernatural seem quaintly out of place in this story of a racehorse. Mr. Fred O'Donovan and Mr. Arthur Sinclair as the not very distinguishable rogues work hard, but the company really shows to far more advantage in Mr. T. C. Murray's little one-act play of "Sovereign Love."

"What will you have to follow Sir?"

"INDIGESTION if I don't take

BEECHAM'S
PILLS.

